

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 84. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XV. DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

ON the road the Doctor met Colonel Bouchier. He took that officer's arm quite familiarly, and turned to walk a little way with him. "I wanted to ask you, Colonel Bouchier, as a man that knows the world, and has seen a deal of human nature in the regiment, what had best be done about that poor lad's family?"

"I was going to telegraph to them to-day," said the colonel. "Only my duty, you know."

"Quite your duty, colonel, and that settles it. The only thing was Madeary, a long way off—and to break up a family with a dying daughter, a poor girl with about twopence-halfpenny worth of lungs, and bring them scrambling over here for a little bit of sickness——"

"But, bless my soul! you don't call that a little bit of sickness, do you? Why, the boy had a fit, Gamgee says, and shaved D. T. very closely."

"Oh, good, very good," the Doctor said, bursting into a most natural roar of laughter. "I can't help it! But 'shaving D. T.!' They told me last night some of your jokes, colonel—the very first water! Oh, too good!"

"Oh, nonsense," the colonel said, much pleased with the compliment; "but you know, my dear Findlater, the lad had a fit—regular knock-down fit. I know what I suspect," and the colonel raised his hand significantly to his lips.

"Maybe," said the Doctor. "But now, as a personal matter, would ye mind, my dear colonel, just staying your hand for a

day or two? You see, we of the profession are sensitive in these things, and Gamgee runs one way, and I the other; and now I'll lay you a gallon of my old whisky to a bottle of your mess champagne, I have him all right to-morrow or next day. If not, you can blaze away through every telegraph in the kingdom! By the way, contingent on the bet, you'll let me send you up a thimbleful of that same nectar for your own private consumption? I will then."

The colonel went his way, and later spoke very handsomely of Findlater as "a good, droll sort of fellow, uncommonly knowing, and all that," while the Doctor went in to visit his patient.

The young officer was in bed, attended by a gaunt, stiff soldier servant, Baker, whom the Doctor condemned from the first moment that he saw him: for the precise reason that he did not relish the Doctor. The latter began with what he called "emollient treatment," the way he began with every human creature he came in contact with; but this only irritated the subject. Young Cecil had a wild stare in his eye, and could scarcely articulate. His face seemed to be "weak in the muscles," and was inclined to hang down. An impartial person might wonder how the Doctor, in the face of such evidence, could maintain that he had not received some severe shock, and would wonder still more to hear what the Doctor was now saying.

"My dear sir, we must take care of you. Now, how do you find yourself? Tell me frankly, and don't be afraid. I'm a man of the world, and I can allow for men of the world. Why, bless me! if we can't put ourselves in other people's places, where are we all to be?"

The young man made some indistinct

reply expressing thanks, and then said, nervously, "They'll all be coming over! Such a business! The colonel says he'll write."

"I follow ye. Absurd idea! Well, I thought that was on your mind: so I just took the colonel aside, who, by the way, was going up to the office, to telegraph to Madeary—"

Cecil started. "What an absurd, ridiculous thing! They will worry and persecute me. I don't want it. I tell you I don't want it."

"Well, you won't want it. I managed it. I thought you wouldn't like it, so I said it plainly to Bonchier, 'This won't do, sir,' I said; 'and as Mr. Cecil Leader's physician I interpose. It will fret and worry him, and throw back the cure.' I took a determined tone, so—he turned back again."

The young man seized his hand. "Oh, how good of you. I shall never forget. *She*, my mother-in-law, would come over, and make such fuss and scandal. After all, a man may be overcome with the heat, and get a sunstroke without—"

"A sunstroke!" said the Doctor, turning on him sharply, "Oh! no doubt. But," he then paused, while an indescribably comic look came into his face, "but you mustn't give yourself any more sunstrokes, especially when there's no sun out, or I won't be able to pull you through another time."

The young man hung down his head abashed.

"Oh, my dear fellow, it won't do. It's been tried over and over again, and ended disastrously for all parties. Now, see here, I like you, and took a liking to you the moment I saw you lying there, my poor, poor fellow! and when they all were shaking their heads and trying to make out it was—well—not a sunstroke exactly. Well, I put down old Gamgee and his notions. I said what I think, and said it lustily, that it was nothing but the heat of the day, while it was only superinduced by what, my dear fellow, we must both put our shoulders to the wheel and get rid of. Now, there's no use denying it."

On this the young man hung down his head piteously, and said he was a slave to this habit, and that he would give the whole world to know how to be free of it. He was disgracing himself, he knew.

"Now, see here," the Doctor said, confidentially; "now you might just take me

for a monk, or for that fire-shovel, for anything I hear when I'm professionally visiting. I'm no more than a stock or a stone, except when my fees are concerned. I'm just a medical ghostly father. And don't I know what young men are! so no one need come trying the sanctimonious preacher with me. But see here, between you and me, it's another matter. You must give up that—"

"What?" said the other, confused.

"That nipping. Oh, don't tell me—one before breakfast, one after, one at twelve, one at one, three, and the rest of it. A pint a day won't do. You know I have my duty to yourself and friends, and I don't know what *that* may compel me to do."

"Oh, I assure you—"

"Unless, mark me! unless I see some touch of reformation. Ah! but my poor lad, as if I can't make indulgence and allowance. Maybe a young man doesn't feel quite as comfortable at home as he might be. Maybe there's a little incompatibility. Maybe—there must be, in fact. Hadn't I a step-mother myself, and don't I know how it goes on?"

"Yes, she don't understand me, and she worries me. I hate being at home; she wishes to rule us all there."

"Ah, my dear child, don't I know? Haven't I scores of young fellows come to me with the same story? I know next to nothing of your good mamma; but I have thumbed, sir, the great volume of human nature. If I were to show you my copy you'd find the leaves falling out, the back burst into pieces. Maybe, now, if you were to want money for little debts, which every young fellow must have, Mrs. Leader would say you were extravagant, and make rows with the agent? And most naturally, my poor fellow; for women never will understand the trouble which young men are put to."

"Indeed, Doctor Findlater, that is just it. Won't all the estate be mine, one day, and why shouldn't I spend like other young men, instead of being driven to the Jews, and harassed out of my life with them?"

On this the Doctor began to put questions to his young friend, and was so seductive in his invitations to confidence, that he soon learned that his young friend was at his wits' end—harassed with letters from certain creditors in town.

"They hunt and worry me so," he said, piteously. "And there's a man in our own

regiment who gets these things 'done' for me with his own fellow, and he says they can't wait any longer, and they'll all be down on him."

A peculiar twinkle came into the Doctor's eyes. "Oh, I see: can't do it himself, but knows a friend in the city who can. That's the regular formula. Well, and who is he, my dear boy?"

"I am bound in honour, you know——"

"Oh, all right. But don't worry yourself now; make your mind easy, my poor fellow. I know how to deal with these gentry. Many's the young fellow has come to me before you with, 'For God's sake, do something for me; speak to that shark!' High, tiptop young fellows, with good thick claret in their veins; and I did all I could, in my little way. Just give me chapter and verse, as much or as little as you like—Heaven knows I don't want to worm myself into your secrets—and we'll see what we can do for you."

The Doctor took out a very ill-cut pencil, with a point "like a bodkin," which he laid very often to his tongue, as being ineffective in the marking, and proceeded to jot down figures, which he totted up laboriously. Then he said, "Just wait now: they would see by-and-bye."

"The next thing is, we must get you well, show you a little quiet society and rational enjoyment, and give up the——" and the Doctor moved his hand to his lips.

"Oh, I declare it must be, or, I tell you plainly, we'll be ordering a violoncello case for you before six months. And I tell you plainly, if we don't see reformation, I resign and leave your health to Gamgee and the counters, or to any one that you can get. Now tell me, what is it you like?"

The young man, already fallen under the strange spell which the Doctor could always exercise over such natures, looked at him vacantly.

"Cribbage? No. Cards, a round game? No. Well, a pleasant evening, fun and frolic, and Billy Webber singing comic songs, and my two pretty bright girls keeping the ball up? But see here, sir, no tricks. I let no handsome young fellows of fortune go hanging after them. And now you must engage yourself solemnly to keep aloof and be brotherly. I can't afford to have good-looking young fellows of fortune, who are sworn to marry heiresses, and women of title, filling my poor children's heads with dreams and delusions. Now that's a bargain—mind!"

The young man looked down, and gave a foolish smile.

"You're soft, my lad," said the Doctor to himself, "oh, very soft." Then he resumed: "Very well, my poor lad. I know we can depend on you. Don't let the little debts be on your mind. I'll arrange some of that with the scoundrels. Ah, just look here. See those two young creatures going out? See how they're looking up. Could you guess, now, who they are?"

"They're uncommon pretty girls, who ever they are."

"Thank you, Mr. Leader; I return thanks for the ladies. Then they are my own little Katey and Polly. My treasures, that I wouldn't part with for my life, or two hundred thousand pounds. Don't I know what some of you lads will be after—the usual garrison flirting; but as a favour, my dear Mr. Cecil, I shouldn't mind if you passed it about that Peter Findlater won't stand any tricks, or approach to tricks. No loving and riding away! It'll save much awkwardness. Not that I blame your brother officers, who are a nice set of fellows enough, and only do according to their cloth. But that's my whim, Mr. Leader." The two girls had now stopped to talk with a lady. The Doctor held his young friend back. "Whist! See, the pretty creatures! they haven't an idea that two gentlemen are taking an inventory of them! Not they!"

"By Jove, she has a sweet face!" said the young man, suddenly.

"As ripe as a peach, and bright as a rose. That's my Polly. Match that in London, sir, in or out of Rotten Row——"

"No; I don't remember. And the other—what a sweet look! Like what you see in the churches—so soft and angel-like."

"Oh, that's Katey," said the Doctor, with a change in his voice. "Oh, a good girl—no better. But with Polly, you know, you might light up a drawing-room." Then the Doctor went his way.

CHAPTER XVI. A BLACK SHEEP.

THE regiment which had brought so much joy to Tilston, was now pretty well settled down in quarters. In nearly every corps in the service are found almost the same elements. The Captain Parker, the selfish "knowing hand," who finds every town—or rather every man and boy—an oyster, which he opens to turn to his own profit with an offensive candour. It is Parker who takes the young fellows' cigars, and at the same time tells them they must

not be so soft as to find every fellow in cigars; and that is just a friendly caution he gives them: of course it is nothing to him. And it is Parker who, by laborious little tricks, always contrives to get the best room, or, when there is any choice, the thing best worth having.

There was, as there is in every regiment, the young married pair, with children and very slender means, he having displeased his father by his marriage. The young Mrs. Dunlop had been a bright-eyed girl, but was now much worn and faded, her three children with her; her faithful drudge of a stout maid, who was nurse, and cook, and quite Protean in her capacities. The upper maid, who was the young Mrs. Dunlop herself, had a sickly, over-worked air, which came from the constant labour and attendance on her children, as well as from the periodic sickness which attended the introduction of these young creatures into the world. Lieutenant Dunlop, a delicate-looking young man, with a small black moustache, showed his sense of trials in a fussy, fretful manner, and a worried look. Every one had sympathy for this pair, who, starting in the full flush of youth and enjoyment in the happiest of lives, had of a sudden found that, by some cruel dispensation, they were condemned to a life of servitude, drudgery, and struggle. Yet they were not more than five-and-twenty each. People entering their rooms—and they were obliged to live in barracks—found an air of squalor and mess, and infantine confusion; a child sick, a child crying, with which the young wife and her stalwart maid were busily engaged doing battle.

In the regiment, too, was a "shady" officer, Mr. Hickey, regarded with suspicion and dislike, feelings based on the fact of his being a Liverpool attorney's son. From the day he joined, this officer had been regarded unfavourably, mainly on account of a certain sharpness of practice and coolness that seemed to colour all his proceedings. He was, besides "knowing," invariably the gainer in any transactions he had with his fellows; yet always contriving to keep within not only the strict limits of conventional legal behaviour, but even within the unwritten code of honour required by the regiment. There was no "sending him to Coventry." At any attempt at so doing, he skilfully put his enemies "in the wrong box," and rather gained an advantage by their blunders. He was a good hand at whist: it could

not be said that he played unfairly, yet his success was put down to his miserable "quarter sessions" tactics. To the colonel, a large, blunt, honest, rough, good-natured officer, the presence of this man operated like a wound in his own flesh, kept open and irritated by some sharp instrument. Every day seemed to bring some new agony. The very presence of "that infernal attorney" goaded and fretted him with fury. It seemed a disgrace on the regiment. "A lot of gentlemen can't live together without some pettifogging attorney getting among them with his low tricks and quibbles. Never mind, I'll root him out of the regiment yet!" But to this task he was wholly unequal. The "attorney," always respectful, could play him "like a fish," and lash him to fury. He had a flow of respectful language, and would quietly protest against what seemed injustice.

"I will not pretend, sir, not to know that the feeling against me arises from my father's profession. He, I know, has the misfortune to be a respectable solicitor, in large practice."

"Then it was a pity, Captain Hickey, you did not follow it. From my soul, I wish you had."

"Most naturally you do, sir; but surely I was allowed to choose my own mode of life? The authorities made no objection to my entering the army."

Colonel Bouchier was bad at argument, and had, of course, nothing to reply. The officer was, of course, in the right. There were several manufacturers represented in the regiment, who might socially take lower rank than the solicitor's son; and when some of them were indiscreet enough to join in the cry, it was pleasant, and certainly quite fair, to see how calmly he would reason with, say, the well-known wine-merchant's son, and the opulent cigar-dealer's sole heir, as to the general level on which they all three were, and how, if he chose to push the argument further, the rules of society would give him superiority, as attached to a "learned profession."

Captain Parker, as the independent politician in the regiment, always took his side in a sort of contemptuous fashion. "The man can't help it," he would say, "he acts according to his rights. The leopard can't change his spots, nor the attorney his coat. Don't draw me into any of these prejudices, I beg." Even as they had entered the town they brought one of these unseemly squabbles with them. They had put up at an inn on the march

—a sort of bivouac—and there Mr. Hickey had got up “a little cards” with young Cox, newly joined, and two civilian gentlemen, at which it was said young Cox had lost a hundred pounds, and was going about ready almost to cry.

Doctor Findlater, who now seemed nearly enrolled as one of the corps, was standing one morning at the door of the colonel's quarters, talking to that officer in his drollest fashion. Indeed, already he had acquired a species of influence over that simple, honest nature; and the colonel had barked out repeatedly, “Yes, yes! Findlater a thorough good fellow—wish we could exchange a certain pettifogger for him. A good jovial fellow! A thorough wit!” For this soldier had a feeling like reverence for all that he thought wit and learning. The Doctor was by this time well up in all the private life of the corps, called the officers “Dunlop,” “Strange,” and even “Coxy, my boy,” and was now talking wisely to the colonel about the “great scandal” of the regiment.

“Oh, we'll have our friend the solicitor ‘serving’ some of us with a bit of paper—a writ of summons and plaint.”

“Infernal pettifogger. I'd give a thousand pounds to get him out; but he won't go—he'll take no hint.”

“Short of a kicking,” said the Doctor, “which he'd only be glad of; for then his father would have his action of 'sault and battery.”

“And all this among gentlemen,” said the colonel, getting into a fury.

“Poor Dick Mahony, who was hunted into his grave by the whole tribe, would always say, ‘That was an attorney, sir, saving your presence.’ I declare it is too bad. There is a nice, free, overboard tone among gentlemen; sure we don't want shorthand-writers among us, taking down our words? I'd have to watch well what I said, for one. But you know, colonel, with that sort of cattle one must be cautious. I took his measure at once the other night. And I tell you what, colonel,” added the Doctor, mysteriously, “stand-off as I am to your young fellows, I have picked up a trifle or two about this same lad; for lad he is, I am afraid, sir; and this takes rather the black and yellow livery of the discounter, with horns and tail to match.”

“You don't tell me so,” said the colonel, in delight. “Then we have him at last.”

“Leave it to me, colonel,” the Doctor said, with greater mystery still. “All in good time. There's a young friend of ours

who shall be nameless, and who for the moment is struck down by the hand of sickness, but whom, with God's blessing, we shall pull through—a fine young fellow, now on his back, and it's a scandal he should be made the prey of schemers.”

“I know well who you mean,” said the colonel. “But he must be exposed. Do you mean to tell me——”

“Whist! Leave it to me, colonel. We must work out the facts first—put this and that together. Leave it to me. My brother, poor Mick Findlater, led the quarter sessions bar at Macroom for twenty years, and many's the splendid speech I heard him make to judge and jury, rousing them like a blast o' the silver trumpets yonder at St. Peter's. I'll work it all out, never fear.”

“My dear Findlater,” said the colonel, in delight, “only give me a handle, just to get rid of this blackguard, and I am eternally obliged to you.”

CHAPTER XVII. PATRON AND PUPIL.

UNDER the Doctor's care the young man gradually improved in health. Indeed, he seemed never to let him out of his sight, the “case was so ticklish;” and the real truth was, that within a week he had established a powerful influence over him. He had by this time learned the whole history of his embarrassments, how they had arisen, when the present Mr. Leader was in an humbler way of life, and when a benevolent and charitable aunt had given him a commission in a marching regiment.

Once or twice Captain Hickey had called, and had been rather pressing to see the young man, and on the second occasion had been confronted by the Doctor, who had himself opened the door. “Ah! I couldn't—couldn't really,” said the Doctor, plaintively, “not for the lad's own father. The poor young stripling! Why, he's just as if he was balanced on the edge of that table-knife.” The Doctor had one in his hand. “We can't tell which side he'll go down. I assure you, Mr. Hickey, it was touch and go at one time. A poor look-out for his creditors, if he has any.”

He said this so significantly, that Mr. Hickey said, abruptly, “How do you mean?”

“Yes,” said the Doctor; “you know that's what I'm afraid of. There's something of the kind on his mind. I fear he's been taken advantage of: like other poor boys, fallen in bad hands.”

“Why, you seem to make him out a sort of schoolboy,” said the other. “I can

tell you he's well able to take care of himself; and, for that matter, to draw in others. And as for drawing in, and taking advantage—O, isn't that your house next door, Doctor Findlater?"

The Doctor smiled at this thrust. "Well, isn't it a providence that he has his professional adviser so convenient? I tell him the only thing in cases of this sort is to make a clean breast of it, put all down in plain figures. Sort off the black sheep from the white, which, my dear sir," added the Doctor, with an air of most engaging confidence, "we shall do yet, with the blessing of Providence."

Rather taken aback, Mr. Hickey laughed in a forced way, then turned on his heel.

"Ah, my lad," said the Doctor, looking after him, "we'll deal with you by-and-bye, never fear."

He went back to see his patient; then came out in great glee, hurrying into his own house: his beaming face, as he entered the drawing-room, told them of good news.

"What is it, papa?" cried Polly. "When is he to get well?"

"Lay out your best fallals, my honey-birds. Make yourselves as bewitching as the Watters we saw in the National Gallery."

"Watteaus, Peter dear," said Katey.

"Watteaus, or Wat Tylers, dears, it's all one. The invalid's coming, just to pick a bit with us; but we must be tender with him, soothe and foster him. A poor invalid, you know; he'll be shy after the sickness, and with strange faces about him—"

"Never fear me, Peter, dear," said Polly. "I'm not likely to frighten any one, I hope."

"God forbid! But he's tender still. No, but I tell you this," said the Doctor, with a look of ineffable wisdom, and as if filled with a sudden inspiration, "I'd let Katey go on in front, like a little pilot-engine. Polly will come flashing and sparkling in the rear. You couldn't be in better hands than Katey's, Polly dear."

The bright Polly tossed her head. "I can do for myself. You know, Peter, he saw me that day from the window."

"To be sure he did," said the Doctor. "And he wasn't likely to forget it. Still, I say, keep things in hand. Just for this inauguration, you know. Just let my two beauties go in the one little yoke, and pull the coach between them."

Privately, and much more earnestly, the Doctor inculcated the same tactics on his

Katey. "See, my pet, you've a sweet way of your own, and just put it round his neck, like a wreath of flowers round the sacrificial calf. Polly flashes and crackles a little too much. Up in town she'd whiz through a ball-room like a skyrocket, and take a duke or a lord by storm; but that won't do with an invalid. Poor Polly! let us all do our best for her!"

The gentle Katey kissed him fervently, and promised all that he asked. She had not the particle of an idea that there was anything unbecoming or like "scheming" in these little arrangements: she had been brought up in so unsophisticated a fashion as to believe that marriage, or "getting a husband," was the most honourable and laudable pursuit, and that these small arts were incumbent on every well brought-up girl; at least, that they were forms of society quite as much sanctioned and expected as wearing a "low neck" at a dance, or signing oneself "yours truly," in a letter. It was understood that every one of the household was to exert him or herself independently to do their best at this "inauguration" at least; as it were, "becoming lawn-mowers," as Doctor Findlater said, to make all smooth for the feet of the bewitching Polly.

He returned to the young man's room, and found him on the sofa, fretful and impatient. "I am well enough now to go out," he said. "I am not to be shut up here always, am I? It is very tedious, and no one comes to see me."

"Well, then, I tell you what," said the Doctor, in his gayest way, "I wouldn't see much harm in your going out to-day, just a little way, you know, to cheer you up a bit. I declare, if you felt yourself up to it, you might come in and cut a little bird with us, and I'd have as pleasant a fellow to meet you as ever made sick man laugh."

Mr. Cecil Leader caught at the idea. "You are very kind," he said; "I should be delighted—enchanted."

"But mind," said the Doctor, gravely, "no overdoing it; you're weak still, and you must give me your word you won't be giving back the talk of the girls, who'd prattle on in their own pleasant way to the face of the Lord Chancellor himself. Just you look in and eat the little snipe I'll have for you; just listen to the fun Billy Webber and they will set agoing; and I'll tell my Polly and Katey not to bother you."

"Oh, I am not so bad as that," said the

young man pettishly. "A fellow gets a trifle of a sunstroke——"

"Ah! to be sure," said the Doctor, "and I think we have brought you round."

UP A TREE.

In the regions away under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a man is said to have got "up a tree" when by accident or otherwise he has got into an uncomfortable position. If that smart stockbroker, Phineas Y. Slingsby, purchases too much of the Bully-Rag Quartz when it is on the decline, then Montgomery-street with one breath affirms that Phineas Y. has got up a tree. In like manner, if you saw that noted rowdy, Joram O'Mulligan, lately of Baltimore (and formerly of Cork), who, it had been rumoured, had been long "hunting" you with evil intentions, coming out of the Erin saloon, Dupont-street, with a short double-barrelled gun under his arm, and you without any lethal weapon of any sort, then you would hurriedly conclude, as you "made tracks" for the nearest shelter, that you were decidedly "up a tree," and the crowd and newspaper reporters, disappointed of a "difficulty," would echo the sentiment.

I suppose the phrase originated with some unfortunate individual who had taken to a tree for safety from wild animals, and had been there kept for a longer time than he had bargained for. Some four of us were once lying round a camp fire in Montana territory discussing this point, and in the course of the talk each of us gave our experience of the uncomfortable feeling of being up a tree physically as well as metaphorically.

"You see," said an old digger, "I was only once *regularly* treed, and that was by a grizzly down in Sacramento county, about fifteen years ago, before the Californy gold excitement. I was a kind of foreman to old Cap'n Sutter, and, as we had to keep all the saint days, we had no want of holidays down that a-way. Well, I mind it well, it was on the Feast of San Juan Capistrano, that I figged myself out to go off to a reg'lar hoss race, fandango, and all the rest of it down to the mission. I was right smart, velvet jacket, velvet pants, split up, with a row of silver buttons, every one costing a dollar and a half, cambrie shirt, and a twenty-dollar sombrero with gold tassels. Well, off I started, and just as I was pass-

ing through the chapparal, what should I see but an old grizzly bar, making off into the bush. Now, to tell you the truth, boys, about that time I was courtin' a Mexican gal, and I was just then on the way to see her. I knew all them gals had then, and I guess they have still, a reg'lar touch of the wild-cat in 'em, and thought what a fine thing it would be if I could bring along to her a good grizzly skin such as the old Ephraim* in the bush had on its back. So back I slips to the house for my rifle, thinking I had him as safe as anything. When I came back the bar was out of sight, but I knew he was in the bush, so in I goes. I had not gone far when I heard a rush, but I got the start of him, and made for a nutmeg pine just as fast as my legs could carry me, and not a bit too soon either, for I felt—or at least I thought I did—a snap at the heel of my boot, as I was hauling myself up. In the climb I dropped my rifle at the foot of the tree, and incapacitated my velvet pants for fandango use any further. However, thinks I, *they* can be mended, but *I* can't, so I was uncommon glad to be astride of a branch grinning at the grizzly below.† My satisfaction was hardly so great when, instead of moving off in a few minutes, my grizzly quietly took up his quarters under the tree, and laid himself down for a snooze. However, let me only attempt to descend, and he was awake in a moment. Hours passed on, and I became reg'larly riled. I could hear distinctly the fiddling of the fandango not a mile off. I could see caballeros a-hoss-back in the distance, but they couldn't hear me, and everybody was away from the place. About twelve o'clock I was getting hungry, and wouldn't have minded a little dinner; but no, sir, grizzly was thar. I guess he felt the same; but disappointed in this child, he commenced on the stock of my rifle. It was one of the aggravatenest things ever poor mortal had to stand, to see that darned grizzly setting under a tree chawin' yes, chawin' (and seemin' to enjoy it too) my fifty-dollar shooting iron! Now o' then, I rejiced to hear a brass nail spilin' his teeth; but, on the whole, he seemed to like the fun of chawin' the stock. Once by accident he fired it off, with a crunch of his teeth, but by ill

* A common surname for a grizzly bear.

† This species of bear is the only one, with the exception of the Polar bear (and it has no chance), which cannot climb a tree.

luck the ball went into the butt of the tree. If it had bin the other way, there would ha' bin' a dead grizzly under that tree; but I've allers had ill luck, and he only got scared a bit, and then set to work agin. Then I tried to rile him, and when he struck work with the gun I dropped bits of stick and fir-tops down on him, which made him savage. Then I grinned at him, which, I be shot, ef I don't think he didn't like! All that arternoon I sat up that tree rilin' that bar, but not a bit would he move, nary a move! And so it went on till it got dark, and I felt more than ever like gettin' deown, but couldn't. Just then I heard a rattlin' of horses' hoofs, and there came on the prairie, not a hundred yards off, a lot of our folks comin' home from the fandango early, to a shine at Sutter's. I sung out, and they halted, and the bar made off. So I got down, with all my fine clothes torn to rags and sticky with fir-gum, and all the sympathy I got was that they never left off laughing at me and my ball-dress in those parts, and after a bit I couldn't stand the chaff, and left that part of the county, trappin' beaver up the Sacramento with old Work. As for grizzlies, I've ever since then had a prejudice agin' them. I have, boys!"

After this story we filled our pipes anew, lighting them with a brand from our fire, and a man lying alongside me commenced something as follows:

"Now, boys, as far as grizzlies are concerned I can't say much, for this is my first turn in the mountings. Not that I ain't had my little adventures. On the contrary, though I ain't seen grizzlies, I've seen a sight worse. I guess mos' uv ye have heerd of Injuns! These North-West Coast Indians are a bad lot, you can't make anything of them. Sometimes they're all right, at other times they would pisen the very ground you walk on. You can't buy 'em up neither, gratitooode ain't in 'em. I was runnin' express for a while down Fraser River, and was allers kind to all the Injuns that cum along thar, thinking that, maybe, I might require their help yet. And so it happened before long. Running the river in my canoe, I got capsized on a snag, and in two twos was in the water. I made hard for the bank, but the current was strong, and I thought I should never do it. Just then I came round a bend of the river, and there was a lot of Injuns whom I knew, fishing on the bank, with their canoes at hand. Then I yelled and they yelled, and what did you think they

said to my hollors for help: 'Yes, but how much are you going to give me?' Thar's for you! After that I took mighty good care that few fed at my expense on that river. And then the critters are so cruel! Once when I was tradin' at Port San Juan, I saw them kill their prisoners in the most cold-blooded manner you ever see, and stick their heads on poles a-front of my door. And when their slaves run away, and they ketch them agin, don't the poor critters get it! Once when I was up to the Steken Diggins, old Shaker the chief ketched one of his'n, and tortured him dreadful. After that I gradually, like our friend Bill with the grizzlies, 'got a prejudice agin' them Injuns, and once when our schooner got into a muss with some of these Eucaltaws at the Discovery Rapids, I jest laid our bow chaser (a brass one, and mighty handy) in a line with about six or seven of thar best canoes, quite filled with fightin' men, and jest raked 'em. You should hev' seen the scramblin'! I guess there was a few of them that went that day to the happy hunting ground. Just then a breeze sprung up, and my pardner and me showed a clean pair uv heels. After that I rather cut the fur tradin', boys. I found some of them mean cusses had 'got a prejudice agin' me, and were ready to draw a bead on me at the first fair opportunity. However, except once in Victoria, where they couldn't swear to me (no witnesses, boys!) and the Guv. could do nothing, and they were afraid, I never saw any of them agin until about three years arterwards, only last fall. I was then kind of odd man on an exploring expedition at that time on the coast, and our cap'n says to me: 'Jim, you jest take two Injun boys and a canoe from Fort Rupert, and go down to Victoria with them letters for the governor, and go in an hour's time. Take what provisions you want!' And with that he turns away to another part of the camp. Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't much like the job, but our cap'n wasn't a man to be fooled with, he wasn't; so, I jest set to work and borrowed an extra six-shooter from one of our boys and set off. I never felt so uncomfortable in all my life before, but I jest timed myself handy to pass the Eucaltaw Rapids during the night: and mighty glad I was, too, to get past about half-past two in the morning, with a bright clear moon shining, so that every house, and the very place whar I raked the canoes, could be seen. I guess if they'd seen me jest then, one man

at least wouldn't ever ha' answered to the muster-roll of the exploring expedition!

"But that warn't the worse thing I had to expect' neither. For it was just about that time that them Eucaltaws would be comin' up from Victoria all half drunk, and not carin' what they did now that they were goin' home; and it was yet two days clear to Victory,* and one to Nanaimy.† That first night we paddled on gaily until both me and the boys began to get sleepy, and we drew into a cove just before daylight to sleep. It was a soft, sandy beach—a cove within a cove—and our little canoe drove noiselessly on the strand. We were too sleepy to take any food, except what we had bin pecking at in the canoe, and accordingly began to roll ourselves in our blankets as soon as we had got ashore. But, you know, them Injuns are a queer lot, and are always prying around and suspicious. I guess my boys, from long experience, smelt a rat. Anyhow, just as I was securing my coat under my head, and had taken off my boots to lie down, I was noiselessly shook, and one of the lads, in a voice trembling with terror and with a face white, even through his brown skin, told me that there were lots of Indians just across the point, not two hundred yards from where we were sleepin'! I jest quietly drew on my boots and my coat and looked over the point, and there true enough lay nigh about six canoe loads of Indians, all asleep. They were doubtless on their way up from Victoria, and were Eucaltaws, gentlemen whom just at present I would have rayther not have foregathered with. Allers believing in the doctrine of lettin' sleeping dogs lie, I slipped round agin, dropped my blanket into the canoe, lifted it into the water, and sneaked out of *that* little sandy cove. You've heard of men gettin' out of a place by the skin of their teeth? Well, that was *me*, and them two small Injun boys! It was!

"We never halted until it was broad daylight, when we drew into the flats south of the Qualicum river, at a place which our cap'n used to call the Rio de Grallas, of the old Spanish charts, though them British surveyors are a sight too big to use that name now, and not being able to get a better, have none at all on their plans. There we had brackfast—pork and boiled beans—and some deer's meat we had

brought from camp, with a panniken of tea, and a snooze in the woods, out of sight of the shore. It was gettin' for afternoon afore we woke up, but I didn't much care, as I didn't calc'late going further than Nanaimo that day, and if I could ketch the mail-boat there, of going back on my old tracks agin. Then we put the fixins in the canoe and set off agin! Good Heavens! jest as we were turnin' the point, what should heave in sight but some three large war canoes, Eucaltaws, I could take my oath on it. We saw them (which would have been all right) but they saw us, too, and as they sighted us I could hear them givin' a whoop, and diggin' their paddles into the water. I felt scared, for I knew right well if they didn't kill me, they would kill the boys or take them as slaves, and clear us out of canoe and everything else. As quick as lighntnin' I shoved the canoe up the little river, until we got it behind a large log, where I felt certain they couldn't find it, and then I took to the woods with my boys. We were now out of sight, but they were certain soon to be on hand. Thinking to get a sight of them, we climbed two thick fir-trees close by in the dark wood—the two boys one, and I the other. From the thick branches we could easily watch their movements. I hadn't very long to wait, for with a whish, and a clatter of the paddles on the canoe side, they came up to the mouth of the river. They were mighty certain we had gone in there, and we, or at any rate our canoe, couldn't be very far off. The river was, however, too shallow for their big war canoes, and they had soon to halt, as they grounded. Another thirty yards and they would have seen my canoe, covered over with broken sticks and other stuff. I always wonder they didn't sight it, but they didn't, else I guess I would have lost the number of *my* mess about that time. Then they halted and took council about what they were to do. One was afraid, and the other darn't. Indians know that when their enemies are in the bush, they have usually muskets, and nobody likes naturally to look down a gun-barrel, there's no knowin' who may be struck. So they stood and jawed until some more canoes came up. Hitherto there had only been four war canoes, all full of fighting men, and I was scared to see four human heads fastened to the front of their canoes. You know them Coast Injuns don't take scalps like the interior ones, but heads, I guess,

* Victoria—the capital of Vancouver Island.

† Nanaimo, a small town, ninety miles north of Victoria.

because they can carry such freight easier than can men on horseback. From the heads and their eyes painted black round I began to think this must be a war party, but the arrival of the other canoes with women and children soon settled that—it was only a travelling party going home from Nanaimo or Victoria, and that the heads had been picked up promiscuous-like by the four advance canoes. Then they had a loud consultation, and I could see that they were Eucaltaws, and could pick up enough to show me that they were now in doubt about our whereabouts. The new comers ridiculed the notion of us being here, and there was a good deal of angry talk about us being let to give the slip so easily. 'They must be now past Qualicum, and you'll never catch them,' an old fellow said, and as I peeped through the branches, unseen to them you may be sure, a kind of cold sweat stood on me when I saw that it was the old Eucaltaw chief, whom I knew well, and, what was more, who knew me well. About that time, somehow or other, I felt like as if a knife was being drawn round my neck!

"I was thankful, however, when I saw it was getting dark. Hitherto they had never suspected that we were in the neighbourhood, or that a white man was in the canoe at all; so that I felt as I hope never to feel again when I saw the varmint prepare to camp close by for the night, and camp they did, one lot right under the big tree up which I was. I felt pretty certain that they couldn't see me, the tree was so thick; but it was as much as I could do to keep from chokin' when the thick smoke rose up among the branches of the tree. Once, indeed, I did give a bit of a cough, and an old woman looked and said, 'There's a 'coon in that tree—a 'coon eats well!' How I felt then! But it wasn't noticed, and soon they fell to eatin' and drinkin'—drinkin' whisky; at which I felt both pleased and yet scared. For I knew if they took enough they would soon be all asleep; but if they ketched me afore that, pity me! By this time it was quite dark, and I began to feel safe, though sitting on a branch among broken twigs was very uncomfortable. For the boys I felt all right. I know'd they'd look arter themselves—ketch an Injun for *that*. Then the wind changed, and I got clear of the smoke; but a new danger threatened me. I thought in their carelessness they would hev set fire to the tree; and, indeed, the flame did begin to lick up the trunk, but

the old woman, who was apparently a slave, put it out with a mat. The old woman, I noticed, got less whisky than the others, and was soberer. Then as the stuff mounted into their heads they got fighting, and one man ketched up a musket and let fly at another. Then there was a hullo in the camp, and knives were out, and muskets cocked. Then they quieted down again, and soon were all asleep—all except the old woman, who was waitin' on the shot man. Sometimes I would nod and drop asleep, until I thought I would have slipped down among the branches. At other times I thought I might venture down, and take further into the woods; but I was afraid of the old woman givin' the alarm. Beside, I warn't sure if some of the other camps were all as drunk as this one. I had my two revolvers with me, and began to count whether I should not pop at them, but *that* thought was soon run out of my head. I was gettin' hungry, and would hev liked a bit of the salmon the Injuns had been eating, and maybe, too, a drink of their whisky; but I could never make up my mind to do it, until it was again daylight, and as I thought my troubles began to dawn. Just then, as often happens on that coast, the wind began to rise with the sun, and this time from the south. The old woman now roused up the men, telling them that the breeze was fair, and it was time to be off. Some of them were so drunk that they couldn't rise, and one of them was, I guess, dead; but they carried them all to the canoes, and in a quarter of an hour were off. I fixed myself where I was until they were out of sight and fairly gone, and then I descended, stiff as a poker. Lookin' over to the boys' tree, I saw they were gone, which was not so pleasant, for I didn't like the idee of paddlin' the canoe all the way to Nanaimo myself; but just as I was liften' it over the logs, first one pair of black eyes and then another peered at me through the bushes; and then one small Injun emerged, more dead than alive, and then another. We then all got in, and paddled near about until we came to Portugee Joe's, in Nanoose, afore we took any-thing to eat. Joe's squaw was only in the house, and from her we got some fixins. That night we got to Nanaimy, and I guv my letter to the cap'n of the mail-boat, and returned. I was mighty glad though that I didn't require to do it in the canoe, for the cap'n of a gunboat going north offered me a pass up, which I took, you bet!"

It seemed now to be the general desire that the individual who lay alongside of the narrator of the Rio de Grallas tale should relate his experience of being "up a tree," and, with some little affectation of modesty, he did so:

"Boys" (anything in the West between the ages of sixteen and sixty is a "boy," if he is a chum of yours), "I can't say that I was ever in such a close-fitting place as our friend Jim, though I know all the localities well where he has been, and I think, if we had a little talk, perhaps Jim might know me too, though I am a good deal changed since he last saw me; nor can I say that I ever had any particular adventures with grizzlies, though a particular friend of mine was once chewed up by one of 'em; but though I never have had an adventure with grizzlies, I was once tree'd with one—and yet I wasn't—but I will tell you the story. You know old Doctor Slimtoe (called 'Doc' for shortness), down in Jacksonville, in Southern Oregon? You do; most people do, I've noticed. Well, so do I; and three falls ago Doc and I were staying together, or rather I was stayin' with him, for a spell. Late one night Doc was called off to a patient, and do all we could his mule refused to be caught; so, as it wasn't far, he concluded to walk, and I offered to keep him company. That part of the country is rather noted for grizzlies, and as we were walking through the chaparral, Doc entertained me with descriptions of how many men had lost their lives here by grizzlies since he had located, and such other lively talk. He, however, knew how to do with them. 'Don't run—that's just what they want; face 'em out, sir. When a grizzly comes out to you, all you have to do is just— Bless my heart! what's that?' And before we could say Jack Robinson there was old Doc takin' a header through the bush for an oak-tree close by, and me after him, and after both a something mighty like a bear, bounding and crushing through the chaparral. If you ever saw two men make for one tree quicker than did Doc and I, I would feel obliged by the particulars. Doc swore I think, and I know I did, as we scrambled up the lower branches of that black oak, and then at our leisure up higher still, while the bear kept watch beneath. It was too dark to make it out, but Doc declared it was about the largest he had ever seen in that part of the country; 'in fact, a full-grown, rampageous, chaw-me-up grizzly, sir,' were Doc's very words, as we

sat there on the branches of that black oak, feeling rather chilly and slightly foolish. Doc's courage came back again, and then he bounced as usual about what should be done with a grizzly. 'What would you have done, sir, if it hadn't bin for my knowledge of bars, sir? There'd have been, I guess, one less subject of Her Britannic Majesty in the state of Oregon about this time—ha! ha!' Possibly I would have faced it out, according to his principle, I suggested. 'No, sir,' Doc replied, 'not in chapparral when there's a tree at hand, only on a parara!' After this I began rather to chaff the Doc, the result of which was he got sulky, and absolutely cut me up in the branches of that oak, with a grizzly at the foot of it! He retired to one branch and I to another. With his usual good luck, he got a thick forked one, and in two minutes was as sound as a top. For my part, I couldn't sleep, and watched the bear at the foot of the tree, whining in a peculiar manner. By this time I began to smell a very big rat, and when the first rays of the sun came to my help, I saw that I was not far off the mark. Laughing heartily in my sleeve, I dropped off to Doc's corner of the tree, and awoke him, mighty ill-natured, out of a sonorous snore, by informing him that the bear was harmless. I thought I would face it out, I said, and pointing down below, we saw, not a very fierce grizzly, but only Doc's big black Newfoundland dog, which had broken loose and followed us! 'What, darn me! if that ain't my dorg! Reiver, ho!' and the affectionate animal began to whine, just as the bear had done all night! To be treed up all night by his own dog was too much for a fellow with Doc's grizzly experience, and accordingly he began to argue that it had been really a bear, and that the dog had only frightened it away: in fact, he had seen the bear not five minutes before I woke him. I assured him that he must be mistaken, for to my certain knowledge the dog had been there for three hours at least. Even he pretended not to be convinced when his disconsolate wife and children informed him that it had left not ten minutes after us. 'It was nonsense,' he said; 'nonsense, and he knew it too!' Anyhow, I observed that, arter we came down the tree, he called the dog to him, in that hypocritical way men will be cruel enough to call dogs to them, when he thought I warn't looking, give it a kick which sent it howling home ahead of us!

"If the old gentleman had kept quiet, boys, I wouldn't have told, for I was in the same boat with him; but he couldn't. So the next time he met some of his cronies over in the Eldorado, he began to tell the story, entirely omitting himself, and putting it all on me, with numerous exaggerations. I didn't know much about it until in the afternoon I was loafing down the street, when I was astonished to hear out of every other store-door a peculiar whine, and noticed that old Doc, Judge Hemmings, Jim Greenacre, the sheriff, and a few more worthies like that, were all grinning out between Doc's bottles. Then, when I went down to the Eldorado, I was shouted at by a lot of fellows to tell all about 'that grizzly.' Then I saw what was up, and after standing drinks round, as I saw I was bound to do, I told the story, with a few particulars not in the original, and not, you may be certain, to Doc's credit. On that particular afternoon I let my imagination get clear swing, and Doc warn't glorified! You bet he warn't, and that he hasn't heard the last of *that* grizzly story for a few years!"

A FAREWELL.

I MAY not kiss away the tears that still
Hang on the lids which those loved eyes enshrine:
I may not weep away the tears that fill
These aching eyes of mine.

Sleep on, sad soul, shelter'd from love and pain!
Or haply shelter love from pain, with thee,
In thy sweet dreams. When we two meet again,
'Tis but in dreams 'twill be.

FULFILLED PREDICTIONS.

ONE of the many curious topics of every-day talk is the real or alleged fulfilment of real or alleged predictions. We say "every-day talk;" because, for obvious reasons, the prophecies treated by theologians cannot be noticed here. Of such predictions as seem to have been really fulfilled, let us speak with becoming fairness, keeping clear from all discussion as to the possession, by exceptional persons, of exceptional powers of foresight. There are many reasons why every prediction ought to be judged closely and searchingly to see whether it will stand its ground or not—whether it can render a good account of its birth, parentage, and general history.

If we are puzzled at times about the apparent fulfilment of predictions in popular almanacks, it is worth while bearing in view the fact, that when very numerous pre-

dictions are made, some of them are likely to be followed by what looks like fulfilment, according to the law of probability—a law well-known to actuaries and others engaged in computing tables for life assurance, annuities, survivorships, &c. Every such actuary predicts, in a scientific sense; but it is always by inferring the probabilities of the future from the teachings of the past. If life present the same phenomena in the next half century as it did in the last, then out of a certain number of persons of a certain age a certain proportion will die in the next twelve months. A curious bit of computation has been made concerning the stupid superstition about thirteen at table. M. Quetelet, a distinguished Belgian savant, has computed that of any thirteen persons, containing a fair proportion of both sexes and different ages living at any one time, it is just about an even chance that some *one* of them will die within twelve months. If, therefore, one in a company of thirteen should die within this period, there is nothing wonderful in it; but if a predictor states that it is because they all sat down to dinner at one table, or if he asserts that the charm is broken by making the number twelve or fourteen instead of thirteen, then he is bound to prove his case. Besides, no account is ever taken of such of these social gatherings of thirteen as are not followed by fatal results. The believers in ill omens are silent in such cases.

This opens the path to another aspect of so-called fulfilled predictions. As the law of probability can account for a small number of remarkable instances, so does it take account of the enormous preponderance of cases in which there is no observable coincidence at all. A very pungent truth is contained in the couplet,

What is hit is history;
But what is miss'd is mystery;

applicable to the fact that every-day believers in the marvellous do not imitate the actuaries or the probability-computers in their mode of reasoning; they are greatly interested in every "hit," every fulfilled prediction; but they do not tabulate those instances in which a "miss" or failure occurs. Lord Bacon so exactly expressed this, that he may have been, for aught we know, the originator of the saying; he says that one reason why popular predictions are believed is, "That men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss, as they do generally." And he applies this

observation to dreams as well as to predictions.

On a recent occasion, four whist-players cut for partners, and cut the four aces, one each—a thing so strange that it might well have been made the groundwork for some omen of good or ill-luck; yet it admits of calculation that there is a probability of such a coincidence presenting itself once in a great number of times. True, the number is something tremendous; for it is computed that, if the players had the longevity of Methuselah, they might continue cutting to the end of their days, as fast as their hands could move, without turning up the four aces a second time. But be the ratio of misses to hits great or small, there is no magic about it. Take all the hundreds and thousands of predictions in a bundle of prophetic almanacks, and it would be strange indeed if none of them hit the mark.

Many predictions come true—that is, many apparent fulfilments take place—because the prophet is a shrewd observer of passing events, or well acquainted with the personal peculiarities of those to whom the prediction is intended to apply. This was, probably, the case with Mademoiselle Lenormand, who had a singularly long reign of popularity in Paris. From 1789 till 1843 she was consulted by a succession of important personages as a fortune-teller of high class; every applicant wishing to know something concerning his or her future fate. Mirabeau, the Princess de Lamballe, General Hoche, Marshal Lefebvre, Robespierre, Marat, St. Just, Barrère, Baras, Madame Tallien, the Empress Josephine, Louis the Eighteenth, the Emperor Alexander, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël—all in turn consulted Mademoiselle Lenormand, and paid her handsomely for her foretellings. She knew the history of all her clients, and the circumstances which surrounded them; she was probably shrewd in reading character in the countenance; and she may have made many lucky forecasts. Most likely the failures were not counted.

Fraud is unquestionably concerned in some predictions; those which, as Bacon says, have “by idle and crafty brains been securely contrived and figured after the event past.” This is believed to have been the case in regard to many of the so-called predictions of the Great Fire of London. Most of them kept clear of the precise date; while few having the required precision of date could with certainty be traced to a period anterior to the predicted

event. Instances are well known in which predictions appear in manuscript in some old book, but with no satisfactory proof of the date of the writing. There is one, credited to the fifteenth century, seeming to prefigure the Crimean war:

In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent will assail:
But if the Cock and Bull appear,
The Bear will not prevail.

Colloquialisms suspiciously like those of very recent times.

The French have a liking for a curious kind of prediction, or omen, involving the addition of numbers contained in dates, and connected with the lives of distinguished personages. For instance, Robespierre fell from power in 1794, and the first germ of the Napoleon era may be dated from the same year; add to 1794 the four component numbers, one, seven, nine, four, and we come to 1815, the year when Napoleon's power finally ended. Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne in 1774; add 1774 to one, seven, seven, four, and they make 1793, the year when the ill-fated monarch was executed. The great French Revolution began in 1789; add this to one, seven, eight, nine, and we arrive at the year 1814, when the exile to Elba put an end to the French conquests in Europe. The Bourbons were restored in 1815; add this date to one, eight, one, five, and we have the date 1830, when the Bourbons were once more expelled. Louis Philippe was born in 1773, and came to the throne in 1830; add 1830 to one, seven, seven, three, and we come to 1848, the year of his expulsion. His queen, Amélie, was born in 1782; add 1830 to one, seven, eight, two, and we arrive in the same way at the precise year 1848. Once more: that royal couple were married in 1809; add 1830 to one, eight, nought, nine, and here again crops up the fatal year 1848. It is impossible to say how many hundreds of royal and imperial dates would have to be examined before these seven strange coincidences could be found; but we can scarcely wonder that a people fond of such numerical oddities should attach a sort of fatalism to dates. Early last year there was a good deal said on this subject in France arising out of the following collocation of figures. The present emperor, Napoleon the Third, was born in 1808, and became emperor in 1852; add 1852 to one, eight, nought, eight, and you get 1869. Again, his empress, Eugénie, was born in 1826; add 1852 to one, eight, two, six,

and there similarly arises the date 1869. Again, add 1852 to one, eight, five, three, and for a third time you arrive at 1869. "Therefore," it was thought by some, "1869 will witness the downfall of the empire." When the year passed over without any such catastrophe, the figures were manipulated a bit; the Prince President was not actually crowned emperor till 1853. Predictions can often be made to accommodate themselves to ascertained facts by some such manipulation as this. Still, there can be no doubt that the dates here collected are very singular; they are odd coincidences, if not fulfilled predictions; and the world will probably see a good many more of them.

The hereditary nobility and old county families are the subjects of many curious speculations of this kind—mostly credited, if at all, by the uneducated peasantry of the neighbourhood. Sir Bernard Burke has collected many such stories. One relates to the Lambton family. There is a legend that, in the time of the Crusaders, the head of the house consulted a witch as to the best mode of killing a serpent, monster, or dragon. The witch instructed him, but at the same time told him he must follow up that achievement by putting to death the first living thing he might afterwards behold: under penalty that, "for nine generations, the lords of Lambton shall never die in their beds." A plan was laid that a dog should be the victim, but by a mischance the lord's father happened to be the first living being he saw after killing the serpent. Lambton refused to be a parricide. After that, it was a fact that nine successive lords of Lambton died otherwise than in their beds. In the Ferrers family, also, there was an old tradition that, whenever a black calf was born at Chartley Park (where the cows were usually of a peculiar sandy white), a Ferrers would die that year. There were six deaths in the family in about thirty years, and each death was preceded by the birth of a black calf. Eastbourne, in like manner, has its local legend. Sir Anthony Browne was holding a revel at Cowdrey Hall in the time of Henry the Eighth. A monk appeared, and warned him that, because he had received the church lands of Battle, and the prior lands of Eastbourne, the curse of fire and water should rest on his descendants. It was recorded that, in a period of one hundred years, Cowdrey Hall was burnt down, the owner was drowned in the Rhine

on the same day, the male line became extinct, all the sons of the female line likewise became extinct, and the estate again fell to female recipients, who could not hold the title. Very few of these local legends, it is hardly necessary to say, have ever been traced to authentic sources.

A prevalent characteristic of predictions is the vagueness of the language in which they are expressed, so as to render apparent fulfilment possible at any one of many different dates. Nostradamus, a French physician who lived three centuries ago, poured forth predictions by the score: each generally contained in a quatrain or four-line stanza. Henry the Second and Charles the Ninth attached great importance to them; but the hits probably bore but a small ratio to the failures; and, indeed, the rhapsodies were ill-fitted for exact fulfilment. His name became famous during the time of the Stuarts for the following lines:

Le Sang de juste à Londres sera faute!
Le Senat de Londres meteront à mort le roy!
Le Olivier se plantera en terra firma!
Brulez par feu, de vingt et trois, le six!

But there were suspicions that lines in some editions did not exist in the first published. He spoke in one of his predictions of the defeat of the French army in Italy; but as neither name nor date was mentioned, the fulfilment became a very elastic affair indeed. In an old volume of the Gentleman's Magazine it is stated that a prophecy was found in the tomb of a bishop who died during the Middle Ages, foretelling of a struggle between the Lion and the Eagle, Italy to be left desolate, Rome to be burned, and an English prince to be King of France—all before the end of the nineteenth century. But the dates were not mentioned, nor is there any clue to the time of writing the paper which was "found" in the tomb. A few years ago there was a report that an old book had predicted the Crimean war, and the price of the book rose accordingly in the market; but when it came to be examined, the announcement was to the effect that, in two hundred and fifty-one years after 1604, the downfall of the Mahomedan power in Turkey would take place. Now this was rather too much; for the defeat of Russia by the Allies in 1855 could hardly be thus interpreted. William Huntington, in the last century, in one of his sermons, foretold that, before 1870, the Papal See would be turned into darkness, and the Turkish moon into blood; words elastic enough,

certainly, to meet very varied modes of fulfilment. Hartley, in his *Observations on Man*, said: "It is probable that all the civil governments will be overturned; and that the present forms of church government will be dissolved;" leaving the year and even the century quite undetermined. The mother of the first Napoleon, Madame Letitia Buonaparte, when the star of the house had sunk, often expressed a confidence that her grandson would one day be emperor; but it was known that the son of Napoleon was the youth whom she had in her thoughts, and not the son of Louis, who is now emperor. A manuscript of old date says that

When time shall come that M and D
With its own fit shall joyned be,
And followed by an X and C,
Then Britain shall tremble at the Blue Lilly.

Ominous, this; but then, while one interpreter makes it out to mean the year 1660, another prefers 1900. An old almanack is said (though we know not on what authority) to contain the prediction:

By the pow'rs to see through the ways of Heaven,
In eighteen hundred and thirty-seven,
Shall the year pass away without any spring.
And on England's throne shall not sit a king.

Only half true, at most, seeing that William the Fourth reigned in the first half of that year. The *Caledonian Mercury* stated, some years ago, that a Scottish minister, named Lunn, predicted public events which took place in 1827, 1830, 1843, and 1848: but, irrespective of the vagueness of his language, the old pastor made quite a hobby of foretelling; and he was pretty sure of hitting the mark now and then.

That predictions, acting on the imagination, tend sometimes to bring about their fulfilment, is evident in various ways, and has in more countries than one engaged the attention of the ruling powers. At one time the Roman law forbade the practising of foretelling, if likely to influence the conduct of the person for or against whom the forecast was directed. "When a person receives a prophecy, promising him some great elevation of dignity, his disposition is not to sit quiet, awaiting the spontaneous fulfilment of his destiny, but to resort to active means for bringing about the event." Our Tudor sovereigns did not lose sight of this matter. Statutes were passed by Henry the Eighth and by Elizabeth, imposing penalties or punishments for the utterance of predictions of evil in political or national affairs. Coke remarked on this subject: "He that hath read our histories shall find what lament-

able and fatal events have fallen out upon some prophecies carried out by the invention of wicked men, pretended to be accurate, but merely framed to deceive; and withal, how credulous and inclinable our countrymen in previous times to these have been." Shakespeare had his thoughts in this direction when he drew the character of Macbeth; the prophecy having been uttered that he should be king, he could not wait for its spontaneous fulfilment, but killed Duncan in order to expedite and render certain the result. The prediction of death is known to be often disastrous in its effect upon the imagination of the person to whom it applies. And a dream sometimes acts in a similar way. On one occasion, in the last century, a man dreamed that he would die on a certain day; he mentioned the dream to others, but without attaching importance to it. The day passed, and he commented laughingly on the failure of the prediction. "Oh," said a mischief-maker near him, "this is new style; dreams and ghosts reckon by old style; there are eleven days more yet." During those eleven days the imagination of the man brooded over the matter, and he died. Holinshed speaks of an early Scottish king, who sent one of his courtiers to consult a witch, or wise woman, about the result of a war in which he was engaged. The witch declared that the king would shortly be murdered, and by one of his own adherents. The prediction (according to the chronicler) brought about its own fulfilment. The courtier argued with himself, "If I tell this to the king, he will think that I am the predestined agent, and will kill me to prevent me from killing him. If I do not tell him, but he learns it from some one else, he will still more surely suspect me." Therefore, the courtier, to make sure so far, killed the king. The famous story of Lord Lyttelton is too well known to call for more than a mere reference here.

Many predictions can only be regarded as fulfilled by a little twisting of names and words. The Empress Josephine, it is said, believed a prediction to the effect that she would fall from her high estate, and die in a hospital; she died at Malmaison, a name merely indirectly denoting a hospital. The Duke of Suffolk, in 1450, was warned to beware of the Tower, which would be fatal to him; he died on shipboard, but the interpreters dwelt on the fact that the ship was named St. Nicholas of the Tower. Nero was warned to beware of the seventy-

third year; as his death occurred at another age, the interpreters took refuge in the fact that Galba was seventy-three when he succeeded Nero. The affair of Birnam Wood and Dunsinane, in Macbeth, is a very good illustration of the mode in which a prediction may be accepted and verified, if those who interpret it are tempted by superstition to play fast and loose with words and phrases.

A LOWER ALPHABET.

It is remarkable that no modern language has a better name for the collective letters that enter into the composition of all its words than Alphabet, which is an abbreviation of "Alpha, Beta," or "A, B, C," which is the familiar English and French expression, sometimes used instead of the Greek word. Some of the Celtic nations, whose primitive languages are unfortunately perishing, call the alphabet the "tree of life," a poetical, and by no means inaccurate description of what might perhaps have been still better called the "tree of knowledge." The Scottish Highlanders call the Gaelic alphabet "Bithluiseanean," or the "life of plants," a notion derived from the fact, that the name of every letter, without exception, is also the name of a tree, plant, or shrub. It is impossible to ascertain during what countless ages mankind were possessed of speech, without being possessed of an alphabet and the art of writing. The invention of that art was unquestionably the greatest step ever taken in the onward march of civilisation; and has been the source from which all the noblest triumphs of humanity have sprung.

The use of language without letters still exists among many barbarous races. Some of the guttural and other sounds that are employed by these primitive tribes are not to be easily, if at all, represented by any of the alphabetical signs in use among civilised communities, for the human voice has a far greater number of tones and inflexions, including the gutturals, than symbols have ever been invented to represent. The English has nominally six vowels, "a," "e," "i," "o," "u," "y," but by means of diphthongs and triphthongs, or the combination of two or three of these with each other, as many as nineteen different vowel sounds in use in the English language can be exhibited in writing. "A" has at least four sounds, as in fat, fate, far, law. "E"

has three, as in eke, set, err. "I" has three, as in bite, bit, irreligious. "O" has six, as in own, hot, nation, moon, joy, how. "U" has four, as in urgent, muff, refuse, dubious. The consonants, in a similar manner, express by their combinations a great variety of sounds which in a perfect language, with a perfect alphabet, if such were possible, would each require its own symbol; such as "fr," "gl," "ch," "bl," "br," and many others which will at once suggest themselves to the reader.

But man is not the only animal that has the power of uttering the alphabetical sounds of vowels and consonants, though he is the only one that possesses the art of writing them. There is, so far as is known, no bird or quadruped that does not in its pleasure, or its pain, its satisfaction, or its terror, emit some vowel sound, sometimes in combination with a consonant, and sometimes alone. The dog has the guttural "ough," and three consonants the "b," the "f," and the "w," and one vowel, "ow," as in its well-known exclamations, "bow-wow," "wough," and the angry barks of "wowf" and "wuff." The bovine species have but one consonant and one vowel, as in "mu." The full-grown sheep has two consonants and one vowel, as in "baa," and "maa;" while the lamb has something that resembles "may" and "bay." The cat has two consonants and three vowels, as in "miao" and "purr;" while many animals emit guttural and other sounds, which strike upon the human tympanum so imperfectly and so confusedly as to be scarcely representable in writing. The horse has evidently one consonant at the command of his voice, which is "n," and several vowels and gutturals that glide very unmelodiously into one another when he neighs, whinnies, or snorts. Swift, in the only repulsive story in the travels of Gulliver, represented the neighing of the horse by the rugged and unpronounceable word "houyhnhnm." In nearly all the languages of Europe that attempt at literal rendering of the horse's utterance, the letter "n" is employed. The French render it by "hennir," the Italians by "nitrire," the Germans by "wiehern," the Spanish by "rinchar," and the Dutch by "runnicken" and "gennishen." The pig has the thick guttural sound of "gr" combined with "m" and "f," from whence we derive the descriptive words "grumph" and "grunt." The roar of the lion is an intensification of the "mu" of the bull, with

a mingling of the "r." Smaller animals, such as the squirrel, the rat, and the mouse, employ the vowel "e," with two indistinct consonants, which the English language imitates in the words "week" and "squeak." The alphabet of quadrupeds is thus very limited, being confined to the labial consonants, "b," "f," "m," and "w," and the dental consonant "n," peculiar to the horse. The vowels at their command are "a," "aa," or "aw," "o," "oh," "oo," or "u," "ee," and the gutturals "ough" or "ugh." No sound of "i" appears, unless it be in the indistinct whinnys of the horse and ass.

The alphabet of the birds is greatly more copious, both in consonants and vowels. In fact, there is no vowel sound—whether single, double, or treble, utterable by the human tongue, that is not utterable, and uttered by some member of the feathered tribes. Although the consonants of the birds do not include the two great consonants of the quadrupeds, the "b" and the "m," for the all-sufficient reason that these letters are labials, and birds have no lips, they comprise many others which quadrupeds do not possess; namely, the "c," "g," or "k;" the "d," the "p," the "t," and the "z." Neither quadrupeds nor birds (with the sole exception of the parrot and such birds as may be taught to imitate more or less perfectly the human voice) possess the consonantal sounds of "l," "s," "v," and "x;" unless the skylark possesses "l" in its song that resembles, as the French express it, the syllables *tire-lire*, or, as we should represent it in English, *teera-leera*. Taking these consonants with their accompanying vowels in the order which they assume in the English alphabet, we come first to "c" hard, the same as "k," and almost the same as "g." The rooks and crows pronounce very distinctly "caw, caw;" the cuckoo pronounces "coo! coo!" whence its name; the dove, says "croo," or "curroo," whence the verb *croodle*, to utter sounds of endearment or interjections like a bird or a child, and the Scottish phrase, a "croodlin doo," applied to a tender or affectionate infant. The consonant "d" seems to find its only representation in the "cock-a-doodle-doo" of our old friend the male of the barn-door fowl, though it may be doubted whether this gallant and beautiful bird pronounces the "d," and whether his note of joy or defiance may not be accurately rendered without any consonants. As regards the Australian bird, which is

supposed to cry "more pork," as plainly as the cuckoo cries "coo-coo," it is quite impossible that the beak of a bird can emit the labial letter "m." The words "more pork!" which give name to the bird in question, is doubtless an effort of the imagination on the part of the listeners, having no other foundation on which to rest than "ohr-ork," or perhaps "ohr-awk." The next consonant used by the birds is "p," which breaks out constantly in the song of the smaller birds of the finch species, and many others, more especially the curlew, with its monotonous cry of "pee-wheep!" Next in order is "t," with the chaffinch in the front of those who employ it, calling out continually "tu-eet," or "tweet;" and the owl, with its "to-wheet, to-whoo!" The American bird which is represented as crying "whip poor will," may be cited for the use of the "w;" though its real note, unassisted by the imagination or the tradition of the listeners is more like "ippoo! ee!" than the strange request that is put into its beak by the fancy of mankind. The nightingale alone, among the feathered race, possesses the power of enunciating the hard sound of "z," and will frequently repeat "zu! zu! zu!" dozens of times, before it changes the notes of its song into any of the other consonants and vowels, of which it has a greater store at its command than any but the parrot and the imitative birds.

With the exception of the combined consonants "cr," as used by the raven, the dove, and the frog, neither quadrupeds, nor birds, nor such reptiles as may be included in the frog species, are able to enunciate sounds that require two initial consonants such as "br," "fl," "gl," "st," and others that are common in human speech. Their vowels and consonants are alike simple and easy of pronunciation. The gutturals, however, employed by birds and beasts are very numerous, and swine, frogs, turkeys, eagles, and all the falconidae, are more distinguished for the use of such sounds than for softer and more euphonious utterances. The gobble of the turkey cock is almost as difficult to represent by written symbols as the neighing of the horse.

It will be noticed as regards quadrupeds, that the sounds (we might be justified in calling them words) which they severally express, are all in the nature of interjections. And it is possible, that in the rudest ages of man upon the earth, interjections were, as much for the man as the brute, the only language in use. The inter-

jections "oh!" "ah!" expressive of pain or wonder, or "good heavens!" "dear me!" expressive of surprise, and many others which will at once occur to the reader's mind, as well as the objurgatory, minatory, and denunciatory words or phrases, which may all be classified under the one head of "cursing and swearing," and by which the feelings find a vent for themselves without a real language, are not, in point of fact, of a higher order of language than the interjections of the dog, the horse, the bull, or the sheep. When the "swell" of our day ejaculates "by Jove!" on every occasion when other words fail him, which is very frequently, he stands, as regards language, on no higher level than the dog which says "bow-wow," or chanticleer, that salutes the morn with his "cock-a-doodle-doo!" When a lady says, "oh la!" or "dearie me!" to express her wonder or her pleasure, she places herself for the time being on the intellectual level of the owl or the cuckoo. Interjections, as used by men, as grammarians have often described, are for the most part monosyllabic, and most frequently consist of a vowel followed by an aspirate, as "oh!" "ah!" but they sometimes, like the bark of the dog, consist of two syllables, as "oh dear!" "oh la!" "by Jove!" and others; and if men and women imagine by such expressions as these to express their pain, their wonder, their pleasure, or their anger, and to be readily understood by all who hear them, it may follow in the case of quadrupeds and birds, who use the same sort of speech, that they also can make themselves intelligible to their own species, and have, so far as the interjection goes, laid the foundation of a language.

The singing birds, however, go far beyond the quadrupeds in this respect, and seem to have other parts of speech than the interjection. When the skylark breaks out into lyrical raptures, it needs no extraordinary effort of the poetical imagination to translate into words known to men its joyous song as it hovers under a cloud and straight above his nest, true, as Wordsworth says, to the kindred points of "heaven and home." The sounds that gush forth from its musical throat are unmistakable phrases of joy and gratitude to the great Creator of the universe,

We see it not, but we hear its voice,
Singing aloud, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

The song of the nightingale, far richer both in vowels and consonants than that of

the lark, has been the theme of poetry in all ages of the world, among such civilised nations as have inhabited a climate which the beautiful bird frequents. Joy, sorrow, love, supplication, lamentation, adoration, ecstasy, all are expressed in the song of the nightingale, in full voice, on a balmy moonlight night. To deny to such an utterance the inherent quality of ideas, merely because the words, for words they *must* be, are not intelligible except in the abstract to the listeners, is as unreasonable as it would be to deny, for the same reason, the poetry and the passion of a speech or a song in Italian, merely because the separate words of the great concrete discourse or hymn were unknown to one who was wholly ignorant of the language.

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

MAUD entered Mrs. Cartaret's room again, an hour later. That lady cried out, on seeing her:

"Here, Mary, come and draw a chair close to the bed, and go on at the place you left off. Stay, though—you shall first answer this rascally letter for me. There is pen and ink."

"I can't write with that, ma'am. It has got no nib."

"Mon Dieu! It does well enough for me. Did they give you nibs at your school? How they do spoil the children now-a-days! Here, then, is a steel one, now—write quick. Do not be an hour over it. You spell correct, do you? Here is a bit of paper."

"It is only half a sheet, ma'am, and it has a blot."

"Juste Ciel! Who taught you to be so particular? The blot will not blind the man, will it? and he can read what I have to say on half a sheet as well as a whole one. Go on—Sir, I have many impertinent applications from you. One answer for all—my son's debts contract when he——"

"Contracted?" suggested Maud.

"Well, yes, contracted—ah! you are grammatical, are you?—when he was at college, were paid by me when he came of age. He entirely denies the justice of your claim. I have no more to do with his bills. He has his own fortune, and I desire no more vile letters——"

"Vile? Is not that rather strong, ma'am?"

"No, no, write it—I wish to be strong—'vile letters may be addressed to me on the subject.' Here, give me the pen, and I sign it—mon Dieu! Petite—what a good hand you write. Now, then, that is done. Here is the book, and here is where you left off. 'Artamène regarda le Roy d'Assirie avec une douleur inconcevable, et le Roy d'Assirie regarda Artamène avec un désespoir que l'on ne sauroit exprimer.' Ah! que c'est beau! que c'est touchant! Do you know who the Grand Cyrus was, child?"

"He was the King of Persia, wasn't he, ma'am?"

"No, no, he was the great Condé; the most brave, the most charming prince of his time, and Mandane was the Duchesse de Longueville, his sister. Did they teach you French history at your school, eh?"

"I have learnt a little of it, ma'am. I know that the great Condé was the hero of Rocroi."

"Tiens! Tiens! So you know that, do you? Well, then, this is all an allegory, you see. All the fine company, all the wit and intellect of the time that used to meet at the Hôtel Rambouillet, is here depicted. Ah! what nobility! what purity of sentiment! what a style!"

"Is it not rather lengthy, ma'am?"

"Lengthy? bah! not a bit! In the grand monarque's time, look you, people were not in such a hurry to bolt a book. They have no time to taste it now, but gulp it down, like a pill! Bah! Everything is decayed together; religion, literature, art: it is all gone—all!"

Maud began reading, and she read for some time; but, in spite of her best efforts, she found her thoughts wander from the lofty and long-winded conversations of Cyrus and Mandane to subjects of strong personal interest: her own position in the house, and the strange character of the old lady whom she had undertaken to serve. She read with her eyes and with her voice, but not with her mind; and Mrs. Cartaret stopped her at last with an impatient exclamation:

"There! that will do, shut up the book. You have never been in love yet, eh, Mary Hind, or you could not read that touching passage like a frog—so cold. Now, get me my bath. Ah! but that miserable creature, Jane, has let out the fire!"

She clutched at the bell-rope, tore at it, hung on it, with an energy which brought the blood into her face, and which Maud

expected would rouse the entire household. But some minutes elapsed before Jane answered the summons, in no way discomposed by its violence, and regarding it apparently as a matter of course.

"Why do you not bring coal here, you wretched do-nothing?" screamed Mrs. Cartaret, beating her little fat hands upon the bed. "Am I to be left to die of cold, with ten servants in the house? How often do I tell you to come and look at the fire once in the hour? Hé? Thought the new maid was with me? Well, and if she was, she can't make coal, I suppose? Hold your tongue, you lazy wretch, you are only good to eat—eat—eat—all day long. Come, don't stand staring there at me, but away with you, and fetch the wood. Now, Mary Hind, there is your dinner-bell. Go along. I shall not get up till you come back;" and she flounced down again among her pillows, secretly by no means sorry of the excuse for indulging in another half-hour of her beloved bed.

Leaving the inflammable little lady as she was desired, Maud descended with some hesitation, it must be confessed, to the servants' hall. It was her first really severe ordeal, but she would not flinch from it. Her place was to the left of Mr. Dapper; on his right, and presiding over the board, glared Mrs. Rouse. The eye of suspicion which the formidable housekeeper directed towards Maud was far from reassuring; but if Dapper would only have regarded her in like manner she would have been glad. His amenities, his jokes, his delicate attentions, in the way of tit-bits, and a constantly replenished tumbler, were peculiarly offensive; all the more so, that she saw how they aggravated Mrs. Rouse's hostility. It was in vain that Maud repelled the fascinating butler's advances; he was one of those men who are never discouraged; and, as all his good stories and smart sayings were received with rounds of applause and laughter by the appreciative audience "below the salt," she only succeeded in producing an effect of extreme churlishness and ungeniality upon the table at large. She was aware of this, but how could it be otherwise? She felt ill at ease, and out of place; and yet she repeated over and over again to herself that she had no false pride, though she heard Jane confide to the kitchen-maid that the new maid was evidently "a awful stuck-up thing." They all seemed to get on very well together, and dealt chiefly in jokes and allusions which were incompre-

hensible to Maud; showing in this respect a national similitude to the highest circles of our society, whose language is not understood out of their own set. Mrs. Rouse was treated with becoming deference, and Mrs. Rouse did not unbend much in laughter, like the younger members of the establishment. Perhaps, because she was vigilantly watching Maud, and was undoubtedly desirous of inspiring her with a wholesome awe; for it was clear that she could, and did, enjoy the lively Dapper's sallies at a more convenient season; and that, while maintaining her authority, she was by no means unpopular with the servants under her.

"But there's a time for everything, Mr. Dapper," as she observed to her colleague, that afternoon, "and I'm not rightly easy in my mind about that new young woman. She's a puzzle to me, Mr. Dapper, and I don't like puzzles, I like plain sailing; and I'm going to watch her pretty sharp, that's what I'm going to do. So you look out now, and don't be playin' the fool as you done with that——"

"Lor! Mrs. Rouse, 'ow you do rake up old scores, to be sure! And there was nothing in it, after all, to make such a fuss about. It was only as one may say, a pass-tong; no 'arm, I'm sure."

"I don't know what a pass-tong is, Mr. Dapper; but I know I packed off the jade in double-quick time, and I'll do the same by this one, if I find she's up to any of her tricks, and so I tell ye. She looks mighty prim, but I always mistrust them mealy-mouthed ones; and she's got a devil in her eye, if I don't mistake. The missis is fairly taken with her parlez-vousing. Well! we shall see!"

And with this ominous declaration she left Dapper to his reflections.

Conscious of the hostile feelings that met her on every side but one (where she would have preferred a mild hostility), conscious that in her false position, do what she would, her conduct was liable to be misunderstood, Maud's heart, usually so dauntless, sank within her. Should she exert herself to try and talk and laugh with the servants, and to interest herself, as she believed she could do sooner or later, if she chose, in their concerns, she had a conviction that Mrs. Rouse would look upon her as a forward hussy, laying herself out to attract the men. Should she continue to shut herself up within herself, which her own state of feeling, aggravated by Mr. Dapper's sickening obsequiousness, inclined her to do, then, of course, she

must make up her mind to be hated by the whole household. If she could only pass the entire day with the irascible but entertaining old lady up-stairs, and take her meals in solitude, Maud felt that she could be comparatively happy; the life would, at least, be endurable. But, constituted as she was, would it be endurable if she must be thrown into an hourly contact, which was close and yet could not be intimate, with Mr. Dapper and Mrs. Rouse? She possessed strong human sympathies; it was that marked characteristic which had led to her throwing herself heart and soul into the joys and troubles of certain among the poor of Mortlands; it was that which Sir Andrew termed her "confounded low radical tendencies," which had made her feel so intensely desolate when moving among the cold phantoms of polished life, and had made her yearn for more stirring interests, no matter in what sphere of society. To be no longer a drone, then, to find herself among the working bees, and to be in a state of antagonism with her fellow-workers, was a condition of things which Maud had never contemplated, and which she knew would be intolerable to her.

The afternoon passed quickly; Mrs. Cartaret was dressed, Mrs. Rouse officiating as the chief priest, and Maud performing such minor rites as her inexperience allowed her; after which she was instructed in her various duties by Mrs. Rouse, who read her a running homily on the conduct of servants in general and under lady's-maids in particular, to which Maud listened with a kind of obstinate patience. Then, at half-past four o'clock, there was tea, and Maud had to undergo a modified repetition of what she had endured at dinner. Soon after that, Mrs. Cartaret sent for her. She was in her dressing-room, sitting over the fire, with an old-fashioned tambour-frame in her lap. But it was too dark to work, and Mr. Dapper had not yet thought fit to bring in the lamp.

"Is that you, Mary Hind?" began the old lady in her high-pitched voice. "Come in, and shut the door. You shall read to me when the lights come—sit down now, and turn your face to the fire, so that I can see it—H'm! I like it, and I like your voice—I think you may suit me, but I want to tell you one thing, I cannot have any girl who does not get on with Mrs. Rouse. D'ye understand, eh? You must treat her with great respect—you must do all she tells you—or . . . or . . . it will never do—never!"

"Have I treated her with disrespect, ma'am? I hope not."

"I don't say that you have—but . . . in short, you must do all you can to make her like you . . . be very modest and humble, eh? She is a little jealous, my faithful Mrs. Rouse, of any new-comer, and we have had so many, eh! so many! If you could but stay, *mon Dieu!* what a blessing! but you must not be a fine lady, remember. No, no, or Rouse will never endure you. Now, here comes Dapper with the lamp, and you can go on reading where you left off—at that description of the *Siège de Carnes* (which means *Dunkerque*). . . . To think that people should find such a book heavy, and read the nasty rubbish they do, instead! But what would you? Ah! '*C'est un siècle ennuyé, dédaigneux des fines analyses, et insensible à la grace*,'" she murmured to herself, quoting the words of a great living French author, whom, at least, she excepted from her general anathema. But the quotation was not meant for her new maid.

Maud had scarcely read a page when a sound of laughter and loud voices in the courtyard below the window made her guess that the sportsmen were returned. Presently some one came whistling *La Donna è mobile* up the stairs, and a heavy pair of shooting-boots tramped loungingly along the corridor. Some fingers played the devil's tattoo upon the panel of the door; it opened, and a tall young man, the same whom Maud had seen in the park in the Norfolk blouse, entered.

CHAPTER VII.

THE likeness to his mother at once told her that this was Mrs. Cartaret's son; but he was less well-looking. His height and well-balanced figure, broad in the shoulder and thin in the flank, were, indeed, his chief claims to consideration on the score of personal appearance. The nose was slightly turned up; the mouth, veiled by a small silky moustache, was large and mobile, wearing an habitual expression of mockery, but capable of denoting also strong passion. The eyes would have been the best feature in his face, but that he was short-sighted, and wore a glass, which dimmed the brilliant light that shines through the "window of the mind," while it added no doubt to the impudent, not to say defiant, air which characterised the whole man. It is hardly necessary, after that, to state that he was

too often contemptuous and satirical; but it is well to mention that his voice was low and musical, his smile very pleasant, and that his manner, where he had a wish to please, had a peculiar charm.

He stared at Maud as he sauntered up the room, with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, *mon enfant*, what sport? Here you find me with my new maid, who is a treasure, reading French to me. Come and listen to a chapter of *Le Grand Cyrus*, before we dress for dinner, eh?"

"Thank you, but I shall get a nap without that. You've had a better day's sport than I have, mother. Few poachers on old Scudéry's preserves, eh? It seems to me that all Salisbury must shoot over yours. It isn't worth bringing fellows down from town for such a day as we've had—not above a hundred head, and we shot your two best covers. I blew up Rogers, but it's the old story, *toujours perdrix* (not that we put up a single covey to-day—wish we had!), '*Missis won't go to the expense*.'"

"Well, you are only here for two or three days during the shooting season, look you, *mon enfant*. It is not worth while. I can buy the pheasants much cheaper than I can keep them."

"Yes, your own pheasants, shot by some confounded poacher. You can't understand that it is the sport, not the birds, I care about."

"Bah! I understand sport on your Scotch moors, on the mountain-side, but to stand in an *allée*, and have the birds driven up to you to be knocked over, *fi done!* It is not sport, *mon fils*. You like that they shall say, as they said of David, '*Smith in his covers hath slain his thousands, but Lowndes Cartaret his ten thousands!*' *Voilà!*" and the old lady laughed immoderately at her own joke.

"Well, at all events, my vanity is not to be gratified," said her son; and then continued with a malicious twinkle of the eye: "At *Compiègne*, I am told, the *battues* now are excellent. Kenchester was there in November, and says nothing could be better, which shows what good management will do. There used to be very little game, they say, in the old time, but the emperor arranges everything so well."

"*Va-t-en! oser me parler de ce coquin là!*" cried Mrs. Cartaret, shaking her fist at her son, but laughing the next minute. "You miserable boy!" she continued, "so you think to get your pheasants by telling me what that *brigand* does, eh? When

you can find a nation to pay your debts, monsieur mon fils, you shall not be able to walk at Beckworth for the pheasants under your feet!"

She was delighted with her own sally, which was certainly paying her son's banter with interest, and jumping up, she caught hold of the lobe of his ear, and dragging down his face till it touched hers, she kissed him on both cheeks. She was entirely satisfied, as having come off in this little controversy with flying colours, and Lowndes could afford his mother such a small triumph, being resolved that, before next shooting season, this question of the pheasants should be settled as he wished.

"I have heard from Marly-les-Bois, mon enfant." This was said in what was intended for a whisper, but like all Mrs. Cartaret's asides, it penetrated to the further corners of the room. Then she added aloud:

"Mary Hind, go and fetch to me a letter that you will find, I think, on the *escritoire* in my bedroom."

There was a door between the two rooms, which stood open. Maud did as she was desired, but during her search for the letter, which did not at once come to hand, she could not avoid hearing the following fragments of colloquy:

"Where does she come from? Where did you get her?"

"—advertisement—village-school—curate's recommendation, gentile, tout-à-fait une lady, même trop, eh?"

"A deuced good-looking girl; but, of course, that old she-wolf of yours won't let her stay more than a month—reads French, too? That's an unusual accomplishment for a village school-girl, but—"

Here Maud lost the rest; and she would like to have heard it. She confessed this to herself with some shame. What could it signify to her what the young man said or thought? But she had now found the letter, and returned to the dressing-room with it.

"There!" said Mrs. Cartaret. "Read it, Lowndes; and you, Mary, light the candles on the dressing-table. There is the first dinner-bell. In that drawer you will find a black-lace cap. Take care how you handle it; it is very precious, child! It belonged to Madame de Maintenon."

"And is almost as frail as its possessor was," said Lowndes, looking up from the letter to which he was lending but a divided attention, for no movement of Maud's escaped him.

"Frail! Hold your tongue, sir; she was

a saint. Go on and read your letter. Juste Ciel! What would they say at Marly-les-Bois if they could hear you? Such a pious woman! but this is the age for *médiance*? Is my hair smooth behind, child? Mon Dieu! How yellow I look. Give me the rouge. It won't do to have those young men saying that Lowndes Cartaret's mother is a horrid old hag. There, just a soupçon, that will do. How do you find me now, Mary Hind? Not so bad for a woman of sixty-four, eh?"

"I like you better without the rouge, ma'am."

"Bah! with your village-school ideas, I suppose you think it is wrong? Why, in the last century, in the good old times, no lady was dressed—would have thought to appear without her rouge! What is that you say? They were a mass of deception, with their hoops and whalebone bodies, and powdered heads! Go along with you! They were true ladies, who had the great air. That is what few have now, with their horrid *laissez-aller* ways. They are all like—well, never mind what they are like—everything is democratic, common, what they call 'simple,' like their courts. Mon Dieu! Defend me from simplicity!"

"Does 'the great air' depend upon rouge, ma'am?"

Lowndes burst out laughing.

"Do you mock yourself of me, Mary Hind?" said the old lady, firing up. "Hold your tongue. I tell you nobody has it now. Monsieur mon fils, when you have done laughing, I shall be glad: you make my head to ache. You have read that letter? Well, is it not particularly satisfactory, eh?"

He had certainly not read above half of it, but, by the process called "skipping," he had reached the end, and he now tossed it on the table.

"Particularly—to those whom it may concern—not to me. I am a fool at figures, and millions of francs always puzzle me. But I'll pass on the marquis's offer to a friend of mine, if you like it, a fellow who is looking out for a good thing of the kind."

"Imbécile! Who cares about your friend? And, pray, why should it not suit you to go, look, and judge for yourself? I say no more; now that the marquis and I have arranged the preliminaries, eh? It leaves nothing to be desired. Why should you set your face against it, pray?"

"Because I object to that sort of bargain in the first place, and because I have no desire to become the proprietor of the article that is offered me, or any other such article, indeed, in the second."

He stood behind her chair, and leaning over it, with a tenderness which took Maud completely by surprise, he put his arms round his mother's neck, so that her head was pressed against his chest; then, when he had kissed her, he said, laughingly:

"You dear old woman, I wish you wouldn't trouble your head about me. I wish you would understand that I want nothing, and prefer remaining as I am."

"Take care of my cap! You are choking me, *polisson* que tu es! Want for nothing? But I say you do want for something. Are you never going to range yourself? Is it not time that you sowed your—how do you say?—wild corn?"

Here she sunk her voice to the level which she appeared always to consider inaudible; but Maud, who was purposely busying herself at the very furthest end of the room, lost no syllable of what followed.

"A charming girl—a great heiress—one of the oldest families in France—what would you more, Lowndes? Ah! *mon enfant*, do me this pleasure. Go, present yourself: visit them. *Ça ne vous engage à rien*. If you knew—if you knew how much I desire to see you with a nice little wife and a child—an heir to this property—before I die! It is the first wish of my heart. I would give up Beckworth to-morrow. I would leave her mistress here, and go away, and trouble no one no more, if I once saw you settled, willing to live quietly here, and look after your terres."

"Give up Beckworth! why, what would Beckworth do without you? May you reign here many a year yet, you dear old incorrigible match-maker. I shouldn't manage the estate half as well as you, and I feel no vocation yet for living quietly, and looking after my *terres*, which flourish enough of themselves—what you are pleased to call 'my wild corn.' As to paying a visit to Marley-les-Bois, it would bore me to death, and you would not have my early demise upon your conscience, mother? 'At the Château de Marley-les-Blois, of exhaustion produced by ennui, in the flower of his youth:' it wouldn't read badly, eh? But I've no wish to invest my name with the posthumous interest attaching to such an epitaph just at present, at all events.

I dare say the young lady is all you say, and a great deal more, but I am case-hardened against female charms, and——"

"Va-t-en, farceur! As if I did not know . . . daring to talk to me like that! . . . Est ce que tu me prends pour une imbécile? . . . You will get caught by some vile baggage or other, and then—and then—it will kill me—that will be the end of it. If I saw you marry beneath you, to any low creature, you might as well stick a knife into me at once. I am serious. I will not have you laugh, sir. You laugh at everything: it is a stupid habit—any fool can do that. Nothing is sacred for you—nothing!"

"Certainly not the question of my marriage either with the daughter of your marquis, or with the vile baggage you imagine is to captivate me. Your wishes are among the few things that are sacred to me, and anything I can do to oblige you, short of marrying——"

"There, hold your tongue! You put me in a rage, and that spoils my digestion. My stomach turns when you speak like that. 'Short of marrying,' indeed! . . . go and dress. It is no use talking to you—go and dress—you make me sick. My wishes sacred to you? Like other sacred things, sir, you neglect them very much. I have no patience with you—none—go and dress."

He stooped down his impudent, smiling face till it touched hers. In vain the old lady, in her irritation, tried to shake him off; like some obstinate Newfoundland puppy, which, the more it is repulsed, the closer it thrusts its muzzle into your hand, this incorrigible young man insisted upon extracting some caress in token of forgiveness before he would depart. Of course the old lady gave in, after a feeble resistance, and the young man laughed, and stretched himself, and lounged out of the room, staring at Maud as he did so, but failing to attract that young person's attention, who was busying herself at a wardrobe, and did not turn round. It is true that the wardrobe had a mirror.

Mrs. Cartaret was at last dressed, and Maud could not but acknowledge that, in spite of her low stature, in spite of her size, in spite of unfashionable, not to say somewhat shabby, clothes, she had an "air"—whether it was "the *grand air*" Maud could not determine—which was neither grace nor dignity, but which, nevertheless, gave a distinction to her appearance. She was not a common-looking old woman, just

as her son, for all his ugliness, was not a common-looking young man.

She went down into the library, and the little downy-faced lord took her in to dinner; and up-stairs, with the door open, Maud could hear bursts of merriment, blown out of the dining-room in gusts, as the servants went in and out. She was not quite sure that she liked it. She wondered whether she should like better being seated at that table as a guest. But why should she? Were not these just the sort of men she had been declaring to herself all her life that she despised? Had it not been to escape from such society as this—the *fainéants* with whom she felt she had no lot or inheritance—that she had fled from her step-father's house, resolving henceforward to maintain herself by the labour of her own hands? It could not be that she was weak enough already to regret what she had cast from her but a few hours previously. No! a hundred times, no! She would not find herself back at Mortlands for all the world; and how it came to pass that she felt any curiosity, any sort of desire, to know what was passing inside that dining-room, puzzled and annoyed her.

By-and-bye, Mrs. Cartaret left the men to their wine and cigars—for Lowndes had induced her to permit the malpractice of smoking in her dining-room—and then the servants' supper-bell rang, and when Maud did not obey the summons, Jane appeared with a message from Mrs. Rouse. But Maud sent back to say she was not hungry, and wanted nothing; a step which was viewed by Mrs. Rouse as unprecedented and presumptuous, an unwarrantable infringement of the etiquette of the servants'-hall, and by most of the others as a proof that she was "an uppish young 'oman, as requires to be took down a peg or two."

Mrs. Cartaret had left her fan in her room, and presently Maud, knowing that the old lady was alone, ventured downstairs with it, and knocked at the library-door. She heard what she took to be "come in," and entered. Mrs. Cartaret was on the sofa, fast asleep, with a handkerchief over her face, from beneath which there issued fitful but sonorous sounds not wholly unlike the growling remonstrances of a human voice. Her new maid, of course,

did not disturb the old lady; she laid the fan on the cushion beside her, and left the room noiselessly, but not before she had glanced round it, and contrasted the faded yet comfortable aspect of the old book-room with the cold grandeur of Mortlands.

It was nearly an hour later—she was up in her own little garret, but the door was open—when she heard a few chords struck upon the piano, and being fond of music she stole down to the first landing to listen. A rich, strong man's voice was lifted up, and began Hatton's pretty ballad of Good-bye, Sweetheart. She sat down on the top step of the stair; it was very pleasant there, in the dark, and alone, knowing the servants to be at supper, to sit and enjoy what had something in it of forbidden fruit. For she would not like to have been detected: so much she acknowledged to herself. The singer sang three or four songs, and she was confident she knew who he was. Finally, he broke into a negro melody, in the chorus of which his friends joined, and at the same minute Maud heard a clatter of feet up the back-stairs, with guffaws of female laughter. She got up quickly, and returned to her room. But as she did so, she caught the words of one speaker: "Victuals? Lor' bless you, the like o' she don't need it. She lives upon *hair*, depend on't, she do;" which brilliant sally provoked renewed merriment.

When she went to bed that night, after undressing Mrs. Cartaret, she lay awake a long time, pondering upon many things. And through all her thoughts, charged heavily with disquietude, that tiresome tune kept worrying her, and pursued her even into the land of dreams, Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!

MR. DICKENS'S NEW WORK.

Just Published, PRICE ONE SHILLING,
PART FOUR OF

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. J. FILDES.

London: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Just published, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

THE THIRD VOLUME

OF THE NEW SERIES OF

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.